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POETRY.

From the Phi. Model A. Cour. SONG AND PARAPHRASE.

(We had the following beautiful bit of poetry in a N. Y. contemporary, without credit or evidence of originality, and then transfer it to our Ohio, pretending that, as many of our readers may not be posted in Edipian literature, we will append the model: plain "Uncle Ned," on which it was formed.—Ed. A. C.)

Beautiful Paraphrase.

There formerly might have been seen an aged, colored individual, whose cognomen was Uncle Edward, And he departed this life some time since, some time since, And he had no capillary substance on the summit of his cranium, On the place designed by nature for the capillary to vegetate.

CHOICES.

Then lay down the agricultural implements; Allow the violin and the bow to be pendant on the wall.

For there is no physical energy to be displayed by indigent, aged Edward.

For he has departed to the abode designated by a kind Providence for all pious, humane and benevolent colored individuals.

Uncle Edward had digits equal in longitude to the bamboo formation which springs so spontaneously on the banks of the Southern Mississippi, And he had no oculars with which to observe the beauties of nature.

And he had no dental formations with which to masticate the Indian meal cake; Consequently he was forced to permit the Indian meal cake to pass by with impunity.

When Uncle Edward relinquished his hold on vitality, his master was exceedingly grieved, And the lacrymal poured down his cheeks similar to the rains from heaven.

For he knew that the old man was laid beneath terra firma. He would never have the pleasure of beholding the physiognomy of the aged Edward any more.

Uncle Ned. He knew a daisy, and his name was Uncle Ned.

Oh he died long ago—long ago. He had no hair on the top of his head. The place where his wool ought to grow.

CHOICES. Lay down the shovel and the hoe, Hang up the fiddle and the bow; For no more work for poor old Ned.

He's gone where the good darkeys go. His fingers were long, like the cane in the brake.

And he had no eyes for to see; He had no teeth for to eat de hoe cake, So he had to let the hoe cake be.

Lay down, &c. One cold frosty morning old Ned died. Oh, the tears down massa's face run like rain; For he knew when Ned was laid in the ground, He'd neber see his like again.

Lay down, &c.

FAVORABLE.

The Lord Sent it, if the Devil Brought it. BY "OUR SON."

In my younger days I was what people call a wild chap, and I rather ink I was something of a high boy. Anything like fun stirred me up from the bottom, and the way I went it sometimes when I was stirred up, people said was rather serious.

I believe my respect for religious people was not quite so high as it should have been; not so high as it is now. This grew out of two things, a defective education and thoughtlessness. Ten or fifteen years added to my moral life has sobered me somewhat, and at this present writing I owe a profound respect for religion. I state this, that neither the thoughtful or gay reader may misunderstand me, if the story I am going to relate, should seem to deal with some levity on matters held sacred. I think the rebuke I got, often as I have laughed at it since, put the laugh completely upon me and my companion.

There resided in my neighborhood a poor widow, whose means of support were exceedingly limited. Between nursing herself for rheumatism, and spinning and knitting, most of her lonely time was passed. I am ashamed to say, that on such an occasion, I joined some wild young chaps in playing off tricks upon her, such as making unusual noises about the house at night, smoking her almost to death by putting a beard over the top of her low mud-built chimney, and such like doings, that we thought rare sport, but for which we deserved a little wholesome chastisement, if there had been any one authorized to administer it.

One night, soon after dark, it happened that I was returning home, in company with a merry fellow, about my own age, and had to go by old granny Bender's cottage. I had been into the town, and was bringing home

a couple of baker's loaves, of which some of our people were as fond as city people are of getting now and then a good taste of country home make.

"Tom," said I, as the old woman's cottage came in sight at the turn of the road, "suppose we have a little fun with granny Bender?"

"Agreed," was Tom's answer, for he was always ready for sport.

We had not fully decided upon what we would do, when we had come up to the cottage, and paused to settle our mode of annoyance. The only light within was the dim flickering of a few small sticks burning on the hearth. As we stood near the window, listening to what was going on inside, we found that granny was praying, and a little to our surprise, asking for food.

"As she expects to get bread from heaven," said I, irreverently, "I suppose she will have to be accommodated."

And turning from the window, I clambered up noiselessly to the top of the chimney, a feat of no great difficulty, and tumbled my two loaves down.

When I reached the window again, in order to see what effect this mode of supplying would have upon granny Bender, I found the good old creature on her knees, piously thanking God for having answered her prayer.

"That's cool," said I to Tom, "now isn't it?"

"I rather think it is," replied Tom. "It won't do to let her labor under this mistake; no, never in the world," said I.

"Hallo, granny!" and I throw open the window, and pushed my laughing face into the room.

She had risen from her knees and was about putting a piece of the bread into her mouth.

"Now, granny Bender," said I, "it isn't possible that you believe that bread came from heaven? Why, you old sinner you, I throw it down the chimney."

By this time the old woman's countenance was fully turned towards me, and by the dim light of the fire I could see that there were tears of thankfulness upon her faded and withered face. The expression of that face did not in the least change, though there was a deep rebuke in the tones of her voice, as well as in the words she uttered, as she said—

"The Lord sent it, if the devil brought it!"

You may be sure I vanished instantly, while Tom clapped his hands and shouted:

"Good—good—too good! Oh, dear! But the old lady was too much for you this time!"

With sundry other expressions of this tenor. I tried to laugh with him as we went off home, and did laugh, perhaps, as loud as he did, but somehow or other, the laugh didn't appear to do me any good.

After that I let granny Bender alone.

DREADFUL SHIPWRECK AND LOSS OF LIFE—ON THE COAST.—Capt. Marshall, of the *barque Niagara*, from Gloucester, arrived at Quebec on the 12th ult., brought up part of the crew and some of the passengers of the brig *Hannah*, of Marryport, Captain Shaw, sailed from New York 23 April, for Quebec, which came in collision with the ice at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 29th April, when the passengers were in bed, foundering in about twenty minutes after. The captain, first and second mates, and a few others, left the ship in the life-boat immediately on finding that their ship was going down. Captain Marshall took one hundred and twenty-nine passengers and six seamen off the ice, 86 of whom he put off on four other vessels. No pen can describe the pitiable situation and destruction of these passengers—parents with their children, children with their parents, and they themselves all but naked, and the greater part of them frost-bitten. Fifty-five persons perished with the cold, before Capt. Marshall reached them. One vessel at Quebec spoke of twenty-five ships in the ice, consequently there must be an immense quantity of ice on the coast.

The Captain of the *Hannah* and another portion of the crew were saved by the *Margaret Pollock*, also arrived at Quebec. The Captain of the *Margaret Pollock* has a brig going down in the ice. Her crew was saved by the brig *Harvard* of Sunderland.

From the Washington Union. The Appeal of Zachary Taylor.

In compliance with Mr. Lippard's request, we lay the following communication before our readers. It is a bold, animated and stirring appeal to the President. We have no doubt, with its author, that thousands of democrats were induced to vote for General Taylor in consequence of his pledges; and we doubt not that almost all of them will abandon his administration in consequence of his having violated those pledges.

The following letter, carries force with it, because its main statement is true. General Taylor could never have been elected without the vote of the Taylor democrats, and he never could have obtained their votes without the pledges which he gave. We call the reader's attention particularly to the correspondence which passed between Mr. Lippard and General Taylor during the campaign. The General's letter to Mr. L. has been frequently published, but Mr. L.'s letter to the General is now for the first time given to the world. This letter sheds light upon the General's. It shows why the General wrote his letter, and how it is to be interpreted.

PHILADELPHIA, May 22, 1849. Will you pardon me if I make bold to say a few words with you in explanation of the reasons which induced me to support you for the office of President of the United States? These reasons may also give some idea of the motives which swayed hundreds of thousands of your fellow-citizens.

I am no politician. I never yet asked for an office, and certainly shall not ask one at your hands. In speaking to you, I do not lay claim to any political influence. I am backed by no clique; I control no body of voters; I only speak to you as a citizen of the United States, having no influence beyond my vote, and the truth which I utter.

In the year 1847, while a member of the Democratic Association of the county of Philadelphia, I began the first of a series of four works upon the history of Mexico. That first book of the series was intended to comprise a history of your campaigns in Mexico. While writing that work, I became vividly impressed with the frankness, the iron common sense, the unswerving sincerity of your character. Sick of the warfare of parties, I looked to you as the man who had been called by Providence to put an end to the mercenary bitterness of this warfare, by assuming the position of Washington—not with parties, but in the hearts of the people.

And this idea of your character, embodied in the work to which reference is made, was diffused by its pages among a class of voters entirely distinct and separate from the whig party; a class of voters who, imbued with the progressive spirit of Christianity, are opposed to the principles of the whig party, as embodied in the history of the whig corporation of Philadelphia, and who are, in favor of judicial and national reform—who advocate the freedom of the public domain and the right of labor to the harvest of its toil. This idea induced me to desert my party associations, break party lines, and advocate Zachary Taylor as the candidate of the people.

In the month of April, 1849, your chances for the presidency were vague and uncertain. The whig politicians in Philadelphia—at least the most prominent of them—all fairly laughed at the mention of your name in connection with that high office. When the Baltimore Convention assembled, it was the earnest hope of thousands of the democratic masses that you would receive the nomination at the hands of the representatives of the democratic party. This hope proved fruitless. But at the whig convention, assembled in Philadelphia in June, 1849, party lines were finally broken; the very spirit and front of the whig party were crushed. Henry Clay, belittled for in the name of the whig party, failed to receive its votes, and Zachary Taylor, nominated "IN THE NAME OF THE PEOPLE," was presented to the people without any other platform than his independence from the spirit and trammels of party.

Doubtless, you have often had described to you the scenes which marked the history of this June convention—the dismay of the whig politicians of the variable whig school—the curses, both loud and deep, with which they breathed your name—the three-fold sacrifice of whig principles, whig platforms, and Henry Clay, at the feet of Zachary Taylor.

Nominated at this convention amid the ruins of whigism, and nominated in the name of the people, the whig party did not dare to claim you as a vegetable whig, of the true whig stamp, until about the 6th of July, 1849, when news came to Philadelphia that Hon. B. P. Peyton had in New Orleans, solemnly declared you as a whig, and placed your feet upon the ruins of the demolished whig platform.

This statement gave intolerable pain to thousands of your friends in Pennsylvania. Well aware that you had not been nominated as the candidate of any party, certain that you could not by any chance be elected in the name or on the platform of the whig party, your friends—I speak of the masses who loved you for yourself, and for your independent position—were

ed the statement of Mr. Peyton with an emotion that was not to be mistaken or evaded. They felt that either Mr. Peyton was in error, or that Zachary Taylor had falsified his often repeated pledges. Under the influence of this wide-spread feeling, I made bold to write and send to you the following letter. Its very abruptness of style indicates the sincerity which impelled its composition:

PHILADELPHIA, July 5, 1848.

GENERAL: Will you regard a word from a friend as impertinent or obtrusive? It is—after a great deal of reluctance that I am induced to trouble you again; but having faith in you now, as I have had ever since I pledged what literary reputation I possess to you in my book—"THE LUGGERS OF MEXICO, or BATTLES OF TAYLOR"—I make bold to say a frank word to the general of the people.

This is the case. With thousands of democrats in this State, I depend upon your declaration "that you would in no case be the President of a party, but the President of the people." On this ground the democrats of Pennsylvania will vote for you by hundreds and thousands.

But we are told that you are exclusively the whig candidate, to be run as a whig, elected as a whig, and under whig issues.

If this be the case, the State of Pennsylvania will be lost to Taylor and the country.

I do not believe this to be the case. Those who think with me in this country do not believe it. But to set the matter at rest, will you answer this letter with one line? and with that line the democratic hundreds and thousands of Pennsylvania will move in a body for you.

General, do not reject this appeal from a man who loves you for your battles, and the moral grandeur displayed in them; but loves you, first and last, because you have taken the position of Washington—not with parties, but in the hearts of the people.

And as for the line, say simply, "I am still the candidate, not of a party exclusively, but of a candidate at all, the candidate of the whole people."

GEORGE LIPPARD.

Here, General, was the whole case, plainly stated in a line. You were here told that if the attempt was made to elect you as a whig, and upon whig issues, the State of Pennsylvania would certainly be lost to Taylor and the country. At that time, with thousands of democrats, I believed that your election as the candidate of the people would subvert the best interests of the country. And what was your reply to this letter, which appealed to the best feelings of your nature? On the 9th of August I received your answer which I annex:

[Private.]

BATON ROUGE, (La.) July 24, 1848.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 5th inst., asking of me a line or two in regard to my position as a candidate for the presidency, has been duly received.

In reply, I have to say THAT I AM NOT A PARTY CANDIDATE, and if elected, shall not be THE PRESIDENT OF A PARTY, nor THE PRESIDENT OF THE WHOLE PEOPLE.

I am, dear sir, with high respect and regard, your most obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR.

GEORGE LIPPARD, Esq., Philadelphia, Pa. This, you well remember, was after you had accepted the whig nomination, in a letter which said nothing at all about whig principles.

The publication of your letter of July 24 created a great excitement among the people and the politicians. Whig papers in New York denounced it as a "locofoco" forgery. The North American, in Philadelphia, (once the organ of Henry Clay, and now the northern organ of the Secretary of State,) seized upon the word "Private," and in weary columns assailed the person to whom the letter was addressed, as the betrayer of your confidence. Other journals, however, which circulated among the masses, hailed this letter with unqualified approval, and placed it at the head of their columns as "the great creed and watchword of the Taylor party."

I must frankly tell you, that had you not made the declaration embraced in this letter, I, for one, could not have advocated your election, nor given you my vote. Certain it is, that without this declaration, (and followed by your Charleston letter,) you could not have gained the vote of Pennsylvania, famous for her old democratic nationality of "twenty-five thousand."

What was the result of this letter, and of the excitement immediately consequent upon its publication? The whig party in Pennsylvania forthwith dropped the very name of whig. They started it away—per chance under the auspices of Girard's squandered bequest, maybe under the ruins of some broken bank—but you well know, and every reader of this paper knows that in the late campaign the battle was fought, not under the name of Whig, but under the name of "Taylor and Lippard."

The democrats were asked to vote for you as the independent candidate—the candidate of the people—the man who had no friends to reward in consequence of your independent position—recalling

in case of his election, would not be President of a party, but the President of the whole people.

And with your letter in my hand, I addressed thousands of my democratic fellow-citizens, and on the security of your unbroken faith, stated that you could not, in any event, become the President, much less the creature, of a party. Upon your own solemn declaration, I honestly advocated you as "the President of the whole people."

I did not for a moment indulge the thought that you could ever become the centre of a mere party administration. Had I been told, by you, that you would ever become the head of an administration made up of whig politicians, I could not in any case, have advocated your claims, nor would you have received the votes of a hundred democrats in Pennsylvania.

Now, General, the smoke of the contest has cleared away. You are the President. Elected upon the faith of your solemn pledges, you are the head of the government.

Have you fulfilled these pledges? Ask your own heart—call back that iron purpose, that clear-souled integrity, which bore you through the carnage of Buena Vista—survey the faces of your cabinet, and the faces of those partisans of your cabinet who now storm the White House for the spoils of office. Answer me! I have a right to ask an answer. You pledged your faith to me, an humble citizen, and I believed you, and told my fellow-citizens that you had never broken your word, and could not forget to-morrow what you pledged to-day.

Was that letter of July 24, which I bore through Pennsylvania, only a cunningly devised fable? Was it your intention to send me forth to the masses of the people with a lie in my mouth? To vote for "independence of party" in October, in order to find you in May at the head of a mere cabal of a party? Did you make a duple of me, so that I might become your agent in duping and swindling my fellow-citizens into the trammels of the whig party?

You know that the whig party of itself, or by its own issues, could never have accomplished your election. You know that the whig leaders, fresh from the slaughter of Henry Clay—of that man who has for twenty-four years sacrificed to whigism the best instinct which God implanted in his nature—could never have elevated you to the presidential chair.

You were elected by democratic votes. These votes were secured to you by the force of your independent position. They were not bought with silver, gold, or the hope of office, but won to you by your pledges.

And now, sir, you will allow me to ask you one or two questions.

In what part of your administration are these democratic votes represented?

Among the army of office-hunters who now besiege the doors of the White House, how many of your democratic supporters do you discover?

Sir, the truth must be told; and as I supported you earnestly and sincerely, I will speak the truth with most uncourtly frankness.

Your election has been fruitful only in discontent and dissatisfaction. Elected in the name of the people, you are surrounded by advisers chosen not even from the ranks of the whig party, but from its veriest hacks and trimmers. These advisers seek to entail upon the country, on a colossal scale a system of error and miracle such as disgraced the age in the shameful expenditure of the Girard bequest by the whig corporation of Philadelphia.

Had you been elected as a whig, and upon the strength of any known whig creed, I would not complain. Is it not a painful thought that you, the man of the people, should at this time in Washington, as the leader of the mere fragment of a party—as the embodiment not of a whigism like that of Henry Clay, which states its principles and fights its battles in the open, but of a whigism which works in darkness, gathers strength by unprincipled coalition, and builds its power upon broken pledges?

And now, sir, as I wash my hands of the last traces of political Taylorism, as I state my regret that I ever aided the party which your pledges made me; you at least must admit that I never served you with the hope of office—that I have always been among that humble band who working well and long for you, under the impression that they were working for the good of their country, could neither ask nor accept of you a reward for those hands which were first at Buena Vista—free in the late campaign—are now tied by the trammels which have been fastened upon the name of the whig party.

GEORGE LIPPARD.

To President Zachary Taylor.

Fare you well, my friend. As there is not much that is good in this world of ours, I have been taught by long and painful experience, the necessity of trying to avoid those things which bring positive evil and personal unhappiness. The murmurings and complaints of life are made up of small ingredients. We neglect small

matters too much. Allow an old man then to name some things, and some kinds of persons he has found it advantageous to avoid.

Beware of the man who sports with sacred things, or with your nice sense of moral duty—his friendship is always shallow, and often insincere.

Beware of the man who uses extreme measures to get you to drink with him out of friendship. He will be first to desert you when he has fully succeeded. He would leave you in the gutter to be eaten by swine.

Beware of him who solicits you to play not to gamble, merely for pastime and for something to drink. He leads you into two great vices at once—gambling and drunkenness, under pretence of being the enemy of both.

Beware of the man who is always boasting of his honesty. Keep your hand near your pocket book if you wish his boast to be made good.

Beware of the stranger who boasts largely of his wealth. Commonly he is a knave, a fool or a bankrupt.

Beware of him who teaches, even indirectly, disrespect for the authority of Parents, of Law or of God. Opportunity would make him a bandit or a pirate.

Beware of the man who is very ostentatious of his religion. It will generally be found like a splendid tomb, outwardly beautiful, but inwardly rotten.

Beware of the person who brings you tales from others, and tempts you to speak freely of others. He is your enemy, and will carry and spread all he extorts from you, with the addition of the tale bearer's coloring.

Beware of him, who without good reason, is over anxious to get your opinion of other persons. He will publish what you say upon the house top.—*Messenger.*

Mississippi Reputation.

The New Orleans Delta introduces a statement which the Hon. Jefferson Davis furnished the editor of the Washington Union, in regard to the reputation of the Union Bank bonds—with the following sensible and appropriate remark:

MISSISSIPPI.—This gallant, glorious young State was, some few years ago, and is to some extent still a standing theme of reproach among the Rag-barous, Kite flyers, Shavers, and men trading on fictitious capital at all, throughout the country. The charge they were in the habit of bringing against her was, that she was a "repudiator"—a swindler which disgraced the sisterhood of the confederacy. It is a fact that those most loud in their denunciations, and most incessant in the repetition of the calumny, were parties who have availed themselves of the United States Bankrupt law, to cheat their creditors out of hundreds of thousands of dollars; for which good and sufficient value had been given, and which most of them wanted not the means but the honesty to pay.—The London Times had something to say, not long since on the subject of the repudiating States. The editor of the Union, on seeing the article, applied to the members of Congress, then in Washington, from those State respectively for such information as they could furnish him in relation to the matter. Colonel Davis, the distinguished Senator from Mississippi, supplied him with the following memorandum, which clearly shows how far Mississippi is, or ever has been a "repudiator."

There is force in the allusion of the Delta to her, who affect to look with the greatest horror, upon the position assumed by our State. Many conscientiously believe that the debt is just and should be paid—but the most noisy and vehement accusers, are generally the characters described by the Delta—men who wiped out their debts as with a sponge, by "taking the benefit of the Bankrupt Law," and who cry out against the repudiation of an unjust and unconstitutional debt, that they may conceal their own corrupt acts.

As error flies faster than truth, many have been misled as to the real position assumed by the freemen of Mississippi, but pre-received opinions are proving may as the facts are accumulated, and are they their course will be maintained as it deserves to be by the laws of justice throughout the world.—*Yonon Dismissed.*

Above all things, avoid lawsuits; they prey upon the mind, they impair the health, they dissipate your property.—*Dr. Draper.*